



**personal  
boundaries**

bluebird

charles bukowski



there's a bluebird  
in my heart  
that wants to get out  
but I'm too tough for  
him,  
I say, stay in there,  
I'm not going  
to let anybody see you.

there's a bluebird  
in my heart  
that wants to get out  
but I pour whiskey on him  
and inhale cigarette smoke and  
the whores and the bartenders  
and the grocery clerks  
never know that he's in there.

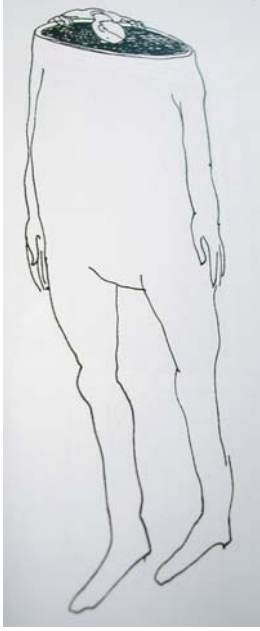
there's a bluebird  
in my heart  
that wants to get out  
but I'm too tough for him,  
I say, stay down,  
do you want to mess me up?  
you want to screw up the works?  
you want to blow  
my book sales in Europe?

there's a bluebird  
in my heart  
that wants to get out  
but I'm too clever,  
I only let him out  
at night sometimes  
when everybody's  
asleep.

I say,  
I know that  
you're there,  
so don't be sad.

then I put him back,  
but he's singing a little  
in there,  
I haven't quite let him die  
and we sleep together like that  
with our secret pact  
and it's nice enough  
to make a man weep,  
but I don't weep,

do you?



**[are you your own boundary?]**